NUMB. XXXVII.

# THE PLAIN DEALER.

*PROPRIA QUÆ MARIBUS.*—— LILLY's *Grammar.*

*Interea volucres, Pyrois, & Eois & Æthon,*
*Solis Equi, quartuſque Phlegon, binnitibus auras*
*Flammiferis implent, pedibuſque repagula pulſant.*

—— *Nec frœna remittit,*
*Nec retinere valet, nec nomina novit equorum.* OVID.

MONDAY, JULY 27. 1724.

I Have remark'd an Impropriety, in our Uſe of common Names, which cries out aloud for Redreſs: And I am abſolutely determined to proceed, *ex Officio*, and without waiting to receive Complaints, in giving Sentence againſt certain nimble-tongu'd, married Females; who have taken it into their Fancies, ſo far to invert *Order*, and *Diſtinction*, among the Animals which they are poſſeſs'd of, as to beſtow upon their *Dogs* the Names of Heroes, Gods, and Goddeſſes; and apply *plain Puppy*, to their *Husbands*.

I know not how it comes to paſs; but an Enormity, of like Nature, has had Confidence enough, of late Years, to creep into His Majeſty's *Navy*; to the moſt maniteſt Hazard of bringing a *bad Name* upon many a Ship-full of good Mariners.— What a Hardſhip, for Example, muſt it be, for a Crew, who can fight like *Lions*, to be ſent to Sea in the *Antelope?* Or, for a Commander, as keen as a *Hawk*, to hear his Ship call'd but the *Swallow?* There is a Sound of ſomething to the Purpoſe, in the *Warſpite!* The *Dreadnought!* The *Revenge!* and, The *Defiance!*— The very Names of theſe Ships carry a Report, like their Artillery. But who wou'd dream of a *Man of War*, in the *Hare?* or the *Roe-Buck?* In the *Hind?* or, in the *Weaſel?*

I was at a Loſs how to account for theſe *Runaway* Names, in the moſt *fighting* Fleet of *Europe*, till I found, upon due Enquiry, that the Riders of our Sea-Horſes have been *jockey'd* out of their proper Titles, by the Encroachment of the *Newmarket Racers*. I wou'd fain, therefore, have the Claims of theſe Two Parties adjuſted, and aſſign to each its proper *Quota*. It is but reaſonable, that His Grace of *Bolton* ſhou'd keep his *Sloven* to himſelf: But his *Terror* ought to be given up, in Exchange for the *Roebuck*, or *Antilope*.— Againſt *Creeping-Jenny*, and *Coney-Skins*, much much might be ſaid, in a Way of Criticiſm: But I am not, at preſent, in ſo carping a Humour, but that I will indulge the Fraternity in Poſſeſſion of thoſe Appellatives. Nay, I will even throw 'em, into the Bargain, *Dryboots*, *Fidler*, and *Blackpudding*: Provided, abſolutely, that they part with *Scarecrow*, *Swimmer*, *Ranter*, *Old Surly*, *Thunderbolt*, and *Drunken Barnaby*, to the Uſe, Behoof, and ſole Diſpoſal of the Commiſſioners of His Majeſty's Navy.

I am indebted to a little white headed Son, of my good Landlady, for the Honour of my Acquaintance with ſo many *Horſes of Quality*, who are worthy, I make no doubt, of all the Friendſhip that is ſhewn them, by thoſe grateful Allies, and Confederates, their Maſters. The Boy came up, to my Appartment, with a Petition, and a Paper of Gunpowder; which he deſir'd I wou'd inſtruct him in the Myſtery of making out, into *Crackers*: And I buſied my ſelf, for half an Hour, with becoming Gravity, and Application; enjoying all that Pleaſure, which I perceiv'd I gave my Pupil: Whoſe Powder being apply'd to the important Uſe which he had bought it for, the Paper it was wrapt in, happen'd to be left upon my Hands; and ſeems to have been an Original Letter, from ſome honeſt poor Fellow, of the inferior Claſs of Horſe-Courſers (if any Certainty, as to his Rank, may be drawn from his bad Spelling.)— The Beginning was torn off, with the Date, and Place, it was ſent from: But, what remain'd, was as follows.

—— 'It was early in the Morning, the *Thurſday* before our Races *was* to come on, as All *Us Horſes* in the Field ſtarted together, for a *Breathing*. But mad Work we made, amongſt us! For that ſame *Coneyskins*, that bit *Tom. Varney* by the Shoulder, at *Barnet*, kick'd *Betty Williams* in the Belly, before ſhe had run a Stroke: And *Dryboots*, with me upon his Back, ſtarted cloſe againſt Captain *Collier's Pig*; and bid fair, for half the Courſe, to bite him by the Tail, if I had not been thrown out, by a croſs Fling of *Black pudding*; That is, for all the World, ſuch another wicked Beaſt, as *Maſter Bond's Kentiſh Lady!*— After him came *Drunken Barnaby*, blundering, jig by jole, along with *Maſter Morgan's Beau*: And, ſo, they kept up, till they came, both, to the Gap ſide, and there, ſtruck out, for the nonce, and overturn'd *Bully-Rock*, into the Ditch, upon *Creeping Jenny*.— When we were up, at the Broad Pond, *Miſs Kitty*, that had only a Chimney-ſweeper's Boy upon her Back, was put in a great Fright; For *Squeaker* and *Scarecrow*, run her up to the Rail Brink! But ſouce came *Swimmer* between 'em, flouncing directly through the Water; and, as ſoon as he came out, ſhook himſelf dry, upon *Old Surly*, that was cloſe up with *Hobler*; and made him run back upon *Tender-Toe*, which beat down *Ranter* into a Rutt. Mean while, whip comes *Thunderbolt*, full drive along with *Whitefoot*. But *Whitefoot* came firſt in, altho' *Fidler* was a Length behind him. You never ſaw ſuch ſtrange Doings! For, except *Blue Dick* and *me*, there was Nobody rid, that knew what breathing a Horſe meant, any more than *Nell Clapton* does. But pray be down a *Friday*: For never was ſuch rare Work, as we are like to have at the *Aſs-Matches!*" *So no more, for now, but I reſt,*

*Your loving Kinſman, till Death,*

SETH THOMSON.

*Fiſh-ſtreet,*

[Price Two-pence.]

*Fish-street Hill, July* 14. 1724.

*Mr.* PLAIN DEALER,

'I Belong to a Club of Friendly Citizens: And we meet, every *Monday* Night, to discourse of such 'Things as may entertain, and improve us, in a 'way most suitable to that industrious, and unambi-'tious, Honesty, which Men of Trade propose to 'thrive by. But our Diversion has been often spoil'd 'by a great Scholar, who is got among us, that 'makes no more of *Greek* and *Latin*, than if it were 'only so much *English!*— Ever since he was intro-'duc'd, he has had all the Talk to himself; but was 'never understood, above Three times, from the first 'Night he came into our Company. He is the *Great* '*Mogul* of our Club, and reigns Absolute, and with-'out a Ministry: Publishing his *Edicts* in a Lan-'guage peculiar to the Throne, and which, being un-'intelligible, by any of his *Vassals*, can neither be con-'tradicted, nor disputed against.

'He expatiated, last Night, with a Stile, unusu-'ally *florid*, on the *Verbosity*, *Loquaciousness*, and *Pro-'pension to Garrulity*, of a worthy Common-Council-'Man, whom we were commending, for a ready 'Speaker. And, when one of us, by way of Atone-'ment, mention'd my Neighbour *Hushly*, the Cheese-'monger, as the *silentest* Man, in *London*; he an-'swer'd, *That* Taciturnity *was a Quality as* ineligible '*as Excess of* Narration; *for it* dehominated *those* '*Persons who were* obnubilated *by its* Umbrageousness; '*and* involv'd *their* Comprehension *in a* Labyrinth *of* 'inexplicable Internality.

'It happen'd, fortunately for the CLUB, that an 'honest Drunken Officer, belonging to the *East* '*India* Company, was among us upon this Occasion. '— He was, now, what we call *Half-Seas over*; and 'star'd at our Man of Oratory, for, I am sure, near 'a Minute without Motion! At last, he began to 'tell him, with the most grave and compos'd Face, 'in the World, That he was charm'd with this Op-'portunity of discoursing with a Gentleman of so 'much *Wit* and *Learning*, and hop'd he shou'd have 'his Decision in a Point, that was pretty nice, and 'concern'd some *Eastern* Manufactures, of *Antient* and '*reverend Etymology*. Modern Criticks, he said, were 'undetermin'd about them; but for *His* Part, he had 'always maintain'd, That *Chintz*, *Bullbull*, *Morees*, and '*Ponabaguzzys*, were of nobler and more generous 'Use, than either *Doorguzees*, or *Nourfurmannys*; not 'but that he was almost of the same Mind with those 'who held against *Byrampauts*, in Favour of *Nicca-'nees* and *Boralchauders*: Only, before he declared it 'openly, he wish'd, That so accurate a Judge of 'Learning wou'd be so kind as to instruct him, why 'the *Tapzils*, and *Sallampores* have given Place to 'the *Neganepauts*? And why *Bejatapontz* shou'd be 'more esteem'd, than the finer Fabrick of *Blue* '*Chelloes*?

'There was not One, of all the Company, except 'the grave Banterer himself, but laugh'd out aloud, 'at this humorous Retribution of the Scholar's 'affected Language. He look'd a little out of 'Countenance, and sate silent, for some Time. But 'he started up, at last, with a smiling Air of good 'Humour: And, filling out a Brimmer, drank the 'Health of the *East-India* Officer; and, then, spoke 'to him, as follows. —— *Sir, I find myself so much* '*obliged, that I return you my Publick Thanks. You* '*have held to me so true a Glass, that I see, and am* '*ashamed of the Image of my Vanity. I was weak* '*enough to be growing angry; but, upon a short Recol-'lection, find you have used me no otherwise, than I* '*have treated these worthy Gentlemen of the* CLUB, '*and been forgiven for it, these Six Months. In short,* '*Sir, you have redeem'd me, from an Affectation, that* '*made me ridiculous; and, as long as I live, I will* '*take Care to be the Wiser for it.*

'Thus all ended well; and the CLUB being re-'stor'd to Freedom, I am deputed, in their Name, 'to write this Account of it, to the *Plain Dealer*; 'that it may be publish'd for the common Benefit. 'Your Health is just going round, and,

*I am, SIR,*

*Your constant Reader*, &c.

J. H.

For my Reader's Entertainment, I shall add, these Two Letters, Two uncommon Pieces of Poe The First was written, by *Karasin*, the Favou Mistress of *Tamerlane the Great*; by way of Con tulation, after his Success against *Bajazet*. It compos'd in Form of a *Lozange*; the Letters of w were Brilliant Diamonds, upon a Ground of Crim Velvet. The Words, the Order, and the Figure, exactly as in the Original. Note, The *Wit* of Lady's Poetry, lay in its *Shape*, and *fine Cloa* Where a Lady's Wit often lies, in other Countr besides *Tartary*.

SOUND
O YE HARPS!
SOUND OUT IN STATE,
*TEMIR*, THE GREAT:
WHO, WITH HIS SWORD,
OF BRIGHT, RESISTLESS, STEEL,
MAKES ALL, WHO MEAN HIM HARM,
AND THOSE, WHO WRONG HIM, FEEL
THE STRENGTH OF THAT RIGHT ARM:
CLEAVING, BETWIXT BOTH EYES,
SUCH, AS AGAINST HIM RISE.
WHAT FAME HE WON
BY DEEDS NEW DONE,
BEFORE THE SUN,
*BAJAZET*, LATE,
IN HIS FATE,
FOUND.

*Tamerlane* answer'd her in like Form; but with great deal of Gallantry, and Politeness; in Lette of *Amethysts*, upon a Ground of Green Velvet.

FIVE
BATTLES FOUGHT,
AND LEARLY BOUGHT,
THY *TEMIR* WON:
AND IN THE BLOODY FIELD,
HAS FORC'D ALL FOES TO YIELD,
REDUCING CROWNS, AND LAND,
BY HIS TRIUMPHANT HAND:
YET, NEVER GAIN'D I CONQUEST, YET,
SO JOYFUL, AND SO DEAR, TO ME,
AS, WHEN I CONQUER'D THEE.
O! *KARASIN!* THY WOES
ARE MY WORST FOES,
BUT GENTLE BE;
FOR LOVE OF THEE
KEEPS ME
ALIVE.

The Second, which now follows, is a Copy o Verses, by Queen *Elizabeth*; on Occasion of he first Uneasiness, concerning *Mary*, Queen of *Scots*. I met with this little Piece, in an Old *Art o Engli Poesy*, which was *Imprinted* at *London*, *in the Ye* 1589; and Dedicated to the Lord Treasurer, *Burleig*

—— The Author, speaking of these Verses, says '*And this was the Occasion of them; Our Sovereig* '*Lady, perceiving how, by the Queen of* Scots *Kes-'dence within this Realm, were bred secret Faction* '*among her People, some of them desirous of Innovatio* '*and aspiring to greater Fortunes, by her Liberty an* '*Life: The Queen, our Sovereign Lady, to declare* '*that she was nothing Ignorant of these Secret Practices* '*albeit she had long, with great Wisdom and Patience* '*dissembled it, writeth this Ditty, most sweet and sen-'tentious.*

*Watchful, to shun those Snares which wou'd my Peace destroy,*
*In doubt of future Woe, I lose my present Joy.*
*When Fallehood's Tide flows in, all Duty's Channels ebb:*
*And meddling Folly toils, to untwist Wisdom's Web.*
*New Clouds of Toys, untry'd, o'ercast th' aspiring Mind;*
*Then fall in empty Show'rs; and drive, with ev'ry Wind.*
*But Pride of Hope, suppos'd, the Root of Ruthe will be;*
*And all their grafted Guiles a sudden Blast shall see.*
*That Daughter of Debate, that doth Contention sow,*
*Shall reap no Harvest here, where Peace hath us'd to grow.*
*Our Sword, that rusts with Rest, shall first his Edge employ:*
*And lop this Love of Change, that gives such distant Joy.*

Having never met with these Verses before; and questioning, whether they are extant, in any Book, but that, in which I found them; I have taken Pleasure to communicate them, as a Relique, that merits to be preserv'd; and is worth the Notice of the Curious.

Printed for J. ROBERTS, in *Warwick-Lane*. Where *Letters* and *Advertisements* are taken in.